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## IS MME. YALE PRETTY?

Critically Considered by the Jour-  
nal's Society Reporter.

### ALSO A JOURNAL MAN'S VIEW.

He is Permitted by Special Favor to  
be Present at the Lecture.

It was not the president's message, the  
result of the recent election, the week's  
weddings, nor even the latest new bonnet  
that was discussed in feminine circles in  
Topeka last evening, but Madame Yale's  
lecture.

It was a large and representative audi-  
ence that heard her talk at the Grand  
yesterday afternoon on beauty culture.

As she appeared on the stage in a  
handsome pink evening gown, cut de-  
cotelette to better display how she had won  
in a forty year's fight with Time, the  
winkle maker, she was beyond doubt an  
excellent exponent of her own theories  
and their practice, regarding the care of  
the skin, and in fact of the whole  
body. Madame Yale said  
"beauty yields a greater power than  
wealth; a greater power than intel-  
lect. Beauty is more than skin deep.  
It is soul deep. The first requisite of  
beauty is a good complexion, which any  
woman can have who has ordinary good  
health. The average woman doesn't know  
how to bathe or even to wash her face."  
Then followed explanations and descrip-  
tions of these processes in detail, with  
recommendations of the use of Madame  
Yale's own preparations, as supplemen-  
tal to the process of beauty culture.

Looking at Madame Yale, it is easy to  
believe that beauty can be secured by  
cultivation, for though "the human form  
divine" has reached high perfection in  
her, the artist would discover few of the  
natural lines of beauty in her face. Her  
complexion is good, or looked so, to the  
ladies in front of the footlights, but their  
remarks were to the effect that Maggie  
Mitchell looked fifteen at fifty-nine—be-  
hind the footlights.

She said, "My hair is not blonded, as  
many suppose," and thereupon numbers  
of our surmises were supposedly settled,  
for it looked dangerously like a case of  
peroxide.

Madame Yale said that all married  
women are jealous. Then girls who keep  
single eyes on their best young men,  
breathed a deadly sigh of relief and said  
contentedly, "we are not discovered."  
The fair talker recommended a con-  
servation of their particular kind. If worry,  
as the most valuable aid to her renowned  
wrinkle destroyer. She said: "When your  
husband wants to go out let him  
go, and unless he is a drunkard, he will be  
dear and make him jealous, go out and  
send yourself a few bouquets." Then one  
Topeka woman suggested that a husband  
who required that sort of treatment,  
would probably not care who sent his  
wife bouquets, just so no one sent him  
the bill.

In the second part of her lecture or  
talk, Madame Yale was charming in  
tongue, and her talk on physical cul-  
ture was rather more entertaining than  
had been the first part of it. At least  
that was the consensus of feminine  
opinion.

When it came to the questions, which  
Madame Yale invited, the majority of  
them were directed toward finding out  
how any one who had anything to do,  
could subsist on a piece of dry toast and  
a little hot water from 6 or 7 o'clock in  
the morning till one in the afternoon.  
Madame Yale had suggested 10 p. m. as  
a good hour to retire and eight hours as  
the requisite number to sleep, so 6  
o'clock was presumably her favorite  
breakfast hour.

She drew the line at toast before going  
out for the five-mile walk, which she  
had recommended, with the concession  
of toast again on coming in if the pedes-  
trian desired, but she stuck to toast.

The only applause elicited from the  
self-contained audience was brought out  
by the talker's anti-coat remarks and  
her illustration of how the average woman  
walks.

It was generally agreed that if any  
one could and would follow out direc-  
tions given results might be most satis-  
factory, but several women broad-win-  
ners who desire as much as their more  
fortunate sisters to appear pleasing to  
the sight, wonder if they would have  
time to drop in and see how the direc-  
tions to their situations were getting on  
while they are following out directions  
on "how to be beautiful."

AS A MAN SAW MME. YALE.  
Quite Sure That Her Claims to Beauty  
Are Well Founded.  
A JOURNAL young man by special per-  
mission attended the lecture given by  
Madame Yale on "Beauty Culture" at  
the Grand opera house yesterday after-  
noon.

Of course he was rapturously impres-  
sed with the most beautiful woman he  
ever saw. The women who were pres-  
ent may have been critical, but the Jour-  
nal reporter being a man was quite sure  
there they were envious, if they were.  
Mme. Yale's deep blue eyes, golden locks  
and alabaster rose-tinted complexion  
were certainly a strong appeal to man's  
admiration.

Of the 250 ladies who crowded in at  
the door in a body at half past 2 o'clock,  
more than half were women past the age  
of thirty-five. Most of them were fat and  
forty. There were younger women, too,  
who wanted to see the woman who is ad-  
vertised as the most beautiful one in the  
world.

There wasn't a woman present who  
was there to find out how to make her  
self beautiful, or how to stay so; of course  
not.

There is hardly a woman in the  
United States who is better known than  
Madame Yale, and yet when she  
advanced in a beautiful pink  
something or other with bare arms  
and decollete dress there was not  
even a sound to greet her. You could  
see she felt it, too. She could not have  
looked more surprised if she had sud-  
denly been dropped into a barrel of ice  
water.

"Beauty is intoxicating," said Madame  
Yale. "Kings and warriors have gone  
down before it. It has been said that  
beauty is only skin deep. Beauty is  
soul deep. If it is not, it is not beauty."  
That's right, too. A woman should be  
good looking clear through.

Among other things that Madame Yale  
advised women to do was to bathe the  
face in lukewarm water for fifteen min-  
utes every morning. This may be all  
right for beauty but the best of a hus-  
band who is waiting for his breakfast so  
he can catch the early car to his office,  
could not appreciate it and would prob-  
ably be more than lukewarm before the  
operation was over; but who cares for

that when one is beautiful. Mme. Yale  
said further that a beautiful woman was  
the noblest work of God. This was not  
news to the women but it brought out a  
little applause just the same. It was  
nearly as good as a reference to "old  
glory" at a G. A. R. meeting.

"If you become beautiful and expect  
to remain so, you must keep up the  
process that made you so," said Madame.  
"These musicians," with a sweep at the  
orchestra, "that spend a good deal of  
time on their music, but if they should  
stop playing for a time they would play  
worse than they do now."

That's all Madame Yale knows about  
our opera house orchestra.

Madame Yale walks five miles every  
day.

"For breakfast I would advise you to  
eat only dry toast and drink hot water,"  
said she.

"There is another thing. Don't worry.  
It makes wrinkles. Don't quarrel and  
don't be jealous of your husbands. Be  
good natured to them always. If they  
want to go up but you can't, don't  
want to get out in the air and take ex-  
ercise. That's what makes them so  
much better looking than we are.  
(The orchestra, which was mostly  
men, blushed at this.) Tell them to  
go. Be anxious that they  
do go. Be just as anxious as you can  
and the first thing you know they will be  
staying at home to watch you."

The orchestra played a couple of over-  
tures while Madame Yale changed her  
costume and when she ap-  
peared in lights the orchestra  
gave one last look at her and  
appeared under the stage. Madame  
Yale has a beautiful form and isn't  
ashamed of it. She showed the women  
how to develop different parts of their  
lower limbs and how to walk gracefully.  
She doesn't bend her knees.

At the close of her lecture she invited  
questions.

There were several of them.

"What brand of soap would you recom-  
mend?" asked one of the women present.

Madame Yale's sweetest smile came to  
the surface as she replied, "Madame  
Yale."

As the women passed out the JOURNAL  
reporter stood at the door and several of  
them whispered to him, "Now don't you  
tell anybody I was here," and the Jour-  
nal reporter promised that he wouldn't.

Madame Yale is 43 years old, has  
been married twenty-two years and had  
three children. She said she was 10 years  
older than she looks and she does not look  
older than twenty-three.

### THINGS HEARD AND OVERHEARD.

Facts and Fancies Jotted Down in the Day-  
ly Note Book.

A man and his wife at church were late.  
The woman said the reason why  
she was late was that she had to  
wait for her husband to get his hat.

The beautiful handmade point lace collar  
that adorned the wedding gown of a  
recent Topeka bride was her own handi-  
work.

A real swell Topeka society girl says  
that quick time music is no longer good  
form for dancing and that only slow  
waltzes obtain in good society.

Not even the oldest inhabitant can re-  
member a surprise party that surprised  
anyone much.

A great many society people really do  
something in the way of work, popular  
theory to the contrary notwithstanding.  
A Topeka society girl who is a very sys-  
tematic worker says that last week  
proved to her that it is hard to get more  
than three days' work into a week with  
a holiday in it.

Women are usually represented as  
more confiding than men, and as telling  
everything they know to each other; but  
one of the quiet Sunday evening sing-  
ers on Kansas avenue was two young men  
reading one love letter. They will do it  
girls. So be careful what you write to  
them.

The amateur dressmaker is apt to re-  
gard the full large sleeve as making  
necessary less care in the fitting than  
tight ones: a fatal mistake as some of  
the home made sleeves will attest.

A Topeka man says though he never  
attended a lecture, he supposes  
they are affairs after the fashion in which  
Oliver Wendell Holmes once described a  
reception, as "giggles, gabble, gobbie  
and get," except that the Topeka man  
adds gossip to the alliterative quartette  
and says—chiefly the latter. A bright  
woman who overheard his remark, said:  
"To describe a 'tag party' it takes one  
more word beginning with g—'grip'."

A Topeka woman says: "There are  
two things a business woman needs be-  
fore she is thoroughly emancipated—the  
ability to take care of a latch key, and a  
shirt waist with detachable collars and  
cuffs. Then she is freed for the string  
around her neck on which she wears her  
latch key, preparatory to going to her  
room and changing her shirtwaist for  
dinner, only to find she had left it in her  
room."

A Topeka man created considerable  
merit at a recent gathering by at-  
tempting to measure across the shoulders,  
or rather the sleeves, of a lady who  
sat in front of him, but the umbrella  
wouldn't reach and he had to give it up.  
Last evening Mr. Ed. C. MacLennan  
entertained a few friends at a "tag"  
party complimentary to his friend and  
last summer's hunting companion, the  
mountains of Colorado. Mr. Harry S.  
Class, Associated Press operator at Den-  
ver, Messrs W. W. Carr and Oscar D.  
Wolf, who were also of the hunting  
party, were present, and the time  
was spent chiefly in recounting the  
summer's fishing and hunting exploits.  
High five came in for a share, as it had  
during the evenings in the mountains,  
and a vain effort was made to transfer the  
championship, but Messrs. Wolf and  
Carr are still looking for it. The ele-  
gant spread added to the evening's en-  
joyment. Mr. Class, who is one of the  
"crack" Associated Press operators at  
the United States, will leave for Atch-  
ison tomorrow, and return to his home in  
Denver about December 15.

"PLAGUE TAKE IT."  
New York Changes the Fashions for Men's  
Coats Inconveniently.

Just as every young man "in the  
swim" in Topeka has fitted himself out  
with long-tailed cutaway and overcoat  
the following aggravating and exasperat-  
ing fashion item comes from New  
York:

"The 'Willie-boy' coat must go, and  
there is weeping at the clubs in conse-  
quence. London has fitted himself out  
with long-tailed cutaway and overcoat,  
and that dictator of fashion for men issues a  
decree all American swiftdom hastens to  
obey. The long, graceful 'Willie-boy'  
that for the past year has been the hall-  
mark of the stylish man has been dead  
for several weeks. In New York the  
long-tailed coat is a rarity and western  
swells will soon lay the beloved garment  
away with other good but ancient rai-  
ment."

## FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

### OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON.

An Interesting Lesson in Astronomy For  
Bright Boys and Girls.

One evening after I had given my lec-  
ture on "A Trip to Starland" a little  
boy came to me and asked me why I  
had not said anything about the "other  
side of the moon." He was very much  
surprised when I told him that no one  
has ever seen the other side of the moon.  
Sometimes we get little glimpses of it,  
round the corner, as it were, and as-  
tronomers call this by the long word li-  
bration, which, put into simple lan-  
guage, means swinging or swaying.  
While in the long run the moon keeps  
the same face toward the earth, it is  
not so from day to day. Sometimes the  
people on earth can see a little farther  
round one side of the moon and some-  
times a little farther round the other  
side. This is called libration in longi-  
tude. Sometimes we can see a little  
more of the south pole and then a lit-  
tle more of the north pole. This is called  
libration in latitude. When we are  
able to look over whatever edge of the  
moon is uppermost when it is near the  
horizon, that is called diurnal libration,  
or daily swaying. On account of  
these librations or swayings we see  
more than one-half of the moon's sur-  
face.

The moon has three motions: Firstly,  
as it is the attendant of the earth, it  
goes round and round the earth; sec-  
ondly, as it has to go wherever the earth  
goes, and as the earth goes around the  
sun, the moon and the earth go round  
the sun together; thirdly, the moon  
turns round on its axis once a month,  
in exactly the same time that it takes  
in going around the earth. The days  
and nights on the moon are therefore  
about two weeks in length.

We see today precisely the same face  
of the moon which Galileo saw when  
he first looked at it with his telescope.  
The opposite face has never been seen  
from the earth and probably never will  
be. Let me show you why this is. Put  
a ball upon the center of a round table  
and call it the earth. Stand looking at  
the ball with your back to the door and  
call yourself the moon. Now move  
round the table, always looking at the  
ball in the middle of the table, and you  
will find that when you have been once  
round the table you will also have made  
your body turn once round upon itself,  
for your back is again toward the door.  
If you had fastened a string to the han-  
dle of the door before you started to go  
round the table, and had fastened the  
other end round your arm, you would  
find that you had wound the string once  
around you when you had made one  
turn round the table. In the same man-  
ner the moon revolves round the earth,  
keeping always the same side turned  
toward us.

In the olden times people believed  
that on the side of the moon we cannot  
see there is a beautiful land, where all  
the good people go when they die, while  
all those who were wicked on earth have  
to dwell on the side of the moon turned  
toward us, where they are forever tor-  
mented by the sight of the scenes of  
their former wickedness. This, how-  
ever, is only a legend or story, which no  
one believes now.—Mary Proctor in  
New York World.

Disappointment.  
Yes, of course it is prevailing.  
There is no one will deny it.  
When we're contented on a beautiful day,  
And awaken from our dreaming,  
With our faces fairly beaming,  
Just to hear the rain its matin solo play.

But there is no one complaining.  
We will profit nothing by it.  
And it never yet has caused a mortal's lot.  
The old earth will get her wetting  
Spite of all our frowns and fretting  
And just whether we approve of it or not.

There may be some solace waiting.  
If we only try to find it.  
Some diversion to compensate for our loss.



And the eye may see us smiling  
When the morning heart is swelling,  
And the sunset gold may gild our little room.

It is well to school our feelings  
For the buffet time will deal us  
And to bear the brunt as bravely as we can,  
For the youth who best endures  
Is the one who best endures.

Heart and hand to fight the battles of the man.  
We give honor to the maiden  
Who exerts to be sunny  
When the tears of disappointment strive to  
start.

And we honor, too, the chieftain  
When he trieth to be happy  
With a quiver in the corner of his heart.  
—M. A. Mattland in Christian Work.

### A Good Natured Little Girl.

There is a dear little daughter in a  
certain up town home whose sunny dis-  
position quickly clears away the brief  
cloud of her anger. She has a sister a  
little older than herself who sometimes  
takes advantage of this gentleness to  
put in an amount of teasing that is cer-  
tainly not fair. One day the younger girl  
rushed into the room where her mother  
was sitting, her blue eyes sparkling  
with indignation and her cheeks flush-  
ed with her earnestness. "Oh, mam-  
ma," she cried, "do help me to keep  
mad all day. I'm afraid I  
can't by myself."—New York Times.

### Betty's Sense of Smell.

Betty lives in a flat. The other day  
the family down stairs indulged in an  
old fashioned "belled dinner," and its  
unsavory odors speedily made them-  
selves known in Betty's house. She ran  
to her mother with a very disgusted lit-  
tle face. "Oh, mamma," she cried,  
"that smell doesn't taste nice!"  
Youth's Companion.



IMPORTED STREET COWNS.

The gown on the right is of drab covert cloth, cut en princess, the front seam-  
less and gathered in under fancy clasp. Around the bottom and on the sleeves are  
embroidered dots in clusters of three, done in cherry floss. The gown on the left  
has a jacket and skirt, a combination of apple green and fawn cloth.

### A Fireproof Paint.

The interior of buildings might be  
made much less inflammable by coating the  
woodwork with fireproof paint. F.  
H. George makes these statements in a  
London paper regarding this subject:  
"I find that painting woodwork of any  
kind with several coats of solution of  
silicate of soda and finishing with a  
mixture of this solution and sufficient  
common whiting to make it about as  
thick as ordinary paint is an excellent  
protection against fire. Wood treated  
in this way will not take fire from  
mere contact with flame—it requires  
to be heated till destructive distillation  
begins. Then of course gases are given  
out which ignite, and the wood is  
gradually converted into charcoal, but  
till destructive distillation takes place  
the coated wood will not support com-  
bustion. A few years since I had some  
screens made like ordinary doors, some  
prepared as I have described and some  
not. They were then placed over a fire  
of shavings, which was kept constantly  
renewed. In ten minutes the unprepared  
screens were blazing away and so near-  
ly consumed that they had to be sup-  
ported by an iron bar. The flames con-  
tinued to lick the prepared screens for  
30 minutes before the distillation com-  
menced. After 45 minutes the coated  
screens were still intact and able to  
support themselves. They held together  
for an hour, although pierced in many  
places with holes, and when the fire  
was removed they did not continue to  
burn. This was a splendid success, and  
I still have the remains of the screens.  
The experiments were made at my sug-  
gestion for the managers of the Liver-  
pool Philharmonic society, and the  
woodwork of their splendid hall at Liver-  
pool was treated in this manner."

### An Oriental Prison.

Not unlike cages made for wild ani-  
mals in zoological gardens are the cells  
intended for persons sentenced to be  
kept in durance vile in Tringann.  
The bars are of hard wood, six inches  
square and six inches apart. Two par-  
allel rows are driven into the ground  
and connected by iron bars running  
through the piles. The long cell thus  
formed is subdivided into compart-  
ments, so that each inmate is allotted  
a space 6 feet deep by 6 feet high by 2  
feet 6 inches wide. Ingress to the cells  
is gained by one of the piles being left  
loose, which is, however, locked secure-  
ly. The whole of the cells, which are  
barred in at the top, are covered with a  
roof of thatch, which hangs well over  
the cells and affords the only protection  
from the weather. A 6 foot high bam-  
boo fence surrounds the prison, with a  
gate leading in from the main street.  
The gate is never locked, however, and  
anybody is allowed to pass in, and out  
without let or hindrance. I believe  
there is a jailer, but I failed to meet  
him or any of the prison authorities.  
The food of the prisoners is usually sup-  
plied by their friends, and no watch or  
ward seems to be kept there. The cells  
are seldom all occupied. The publicity  
afforded to malefactors, the irregular  
food and the lack of "home comfort"  
seem to exercise a wholesome deterrent  
effect on evildoers. I could not help  
pitying one young native lady who had  
left her lord's protection and mansion  
and was confined until she should again  
submit herself to his ruling.—Singa-  
pore Free Press.

### Mysterious Disappearances.

Some five or six years ago the son of  
the late rajah of Tanjore, a man of  
some 40 or 50 years of age, and of  
course the chief native personage in  
that part of India, made up his mind  
to become a devotee. He one day told  
his friends he was going on a railway  
journey, sent off his servants and car-  
riages from the palace to the station,  
saying he would follow, gave them the  
slip and has never been heard of since.  
His friends went to the man who was  
known to have been acting as his guru,  
who simply told them, "You will never  
find him."  
Supposing the G. O. M. or the Prince

of Wales were to retire like this. How  
odd it would seem!

To illustrate this subject I may tell  
the story of Theluthan Swamy, who  
was the teacher of the guru. Theluthan  
was a wealthy shipowner of high  
family. In 1839 he devoted himself to  
religious exercises till 1855, when he  
became "emancipated." After his at-  
tainment he felt sick of the world, and  
so he wound up his affairs, divided all  
his goods and money among relatives  
and dependents and went off stark naked  
into the woods. His mother and sis-  
ters were grieved and repeatedly per-  
suaded him, offering to surrender all to  
him if he would only return. At last he  
simply refused to answer their importu-  
nities, and they desisted. He appeared  
in Tanjore after that in 1857, 1859,  
1864 and 1872, but has not been seen  
since.—"From Adams Peak to Elephan-  
ta," Carpenter.

### Restaurant Habits Are Dangerous.

An anecdote which occurred while  
General Cavagnier was chief of the ex-  
ecutive power under the second repub-  
lic. One day he invited to dinner, among  
other persons, Commandant X., an old  
comrade. The commandant was not in  
the habit of going into society and took  
his meals at the restaurant, where it is  
the custom of the French to wipe their  
knives and forks and their glasses, a  
thing which nobody dares to do in pri-  
vate. The guests were no sooner at table  
than the commandant began to wipe his  
"couvert." The general had his eyes  
on him and beckoned to a servant to  
give another knife and fork. Again the  
commandant proceeded to wipe them,  
and again the servant took them away.  
This little comedy was repeated seven  
times. At length the commandant be-  
came suspicious, and, tired of wiping  
his "couvert," exclaimed: "What the  
devil does all this mean? Have you in-  
vited me here to polish up my plate  
and cutlery?" The general did intend  
to punish him, but the witty outburst  
of the commandant quite disarmed him,  
and he laughed like the rest of the com-  
pany.—London Globe.

### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

He that never changed any of his  
opinions never corrected any of his mis-  
takes.

A man's own good breeding is the  
best security against other people's ill  
manners.

Put this restriction on your pleasures:  
Be cautious that they injure no being  
that lives.

If any man reject drudgery, by that  
token nothing great or high shall ever  
come out of that man's life.

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